L'ESTRANGE (2)
NOV. mihm

THE PILLORY:

Or a DIALOGUE betwixt *Roger L'Eſtrange* and *Nat. Thompſon*.

Hodg.

ALAS, poor *Nat!* dear Brother, how doſt do?
What, are the Judges turn'd Phanaticks too?
Th' old-faſhion'd Wooden Ruff they've made thee try;
And this is all thou gett'ſt by Loyalty.
St. *Jaques* ſave's! if theſe damn'd Whiggiſh Laws
Entrap the very Tygers of the Cauſe,
How ſhall poor *Towzer* now ſecure his Stones,
Or gnaw his Contribution Marrow-bones?

Nat. Leave off your whining: Is it thus you pay
The Supererrogation of the day?
And is't for this my brazen Face defies
As many Eggs as ere I vended Lies?
Go call the Monſter *Heraclite*, and then
Your humble, kind, admiring Clergy-men,
With your old Oaken Argument diſpute,
And knock 'em down, if they'l not contribute.
Let none (on Excommunication) dodge
With their Lord God, the great Almighty *Hodge*.
Whoever ſneaks to Hell, or bravely damns
Let all their Off'rings bring to Biſhop *Sam's*.
Thus ſince for you h' has felt ſo many a Patt,
Pray raiſe a Fund for meritorious *Nat*.
If Prieſtly Word no more can Faith obtain,
Let Caſſock new-redeem'd, be pawn'd again.
Nay, laſt dear Guiny too ſhall pack away,
Reſerv'd in Pouch for Tavern, Wench, and Play.
Delays are dangerous; act with ſpeed, or I
Can tell who had a finger in the Pie.

Hodg. What, meaning me Sir? All my Guards advance!
I ſee th' Apoſtate Dog is hir'd by *Prance*.
If my own Mother ſhould againſt me roar,
Her Son would be the firſt to call her Whore.
A *Whig!* a *Whig!* a *Whig!* 'twas his intent
To affront, and undermine the Government.
The Fundamental Laws he means to change,
And be a greater Rogue than Maſter *Strange*.
With ſuch fat thumping Lies he Lards a Tale,
As even ſpoils my *Obſervator's* Sale,
And *Saturday*, if that would end the ſtrife,
Would ſwear, he ne're was Pillory'd in's life.

Nat. No common Villain ſuch a feat can do:
For that's a Task (almighty *Hodg*) for you,

Who

Who laugh at all the toys of time and place,
And damn your self at Church with a good Grace,
Smirk crys all's Gospel; yet advice I'de crave,
If he's the greater Fool, or you the Knave?
Your *Ipse dixit* does it: Ne're contend,
L'Estrange, the Great has said it: There's an end.
Hodg. Poor creeping Rascal, cope not then with me,
So much above thy match in Roguery.
Base third-rate Sinner, who canst nought devise,
But turns a Broker to the *Faction*'s Lies:
Who ne're canst take it till by all 'tis found,
But catchest Slander at the third rebound.
Behold a Monstrous, Wonder-working Knight,
That hang'd himself, then 'cause it took not right
Swang'd into th' Fields, and Stabb'd himself for spight.
Live *errant* Knights *we've heard of o're and o're*;
But who e're knew dead errant Knights before?
Nat. And thou my Son! Nay, then my hope's in vain
If Knaves fall out, true men their own will gain.
For this (ungrateful *Towzer*) have I born
Whole showers of Kennel-dirt, and vulgar scorn.
Was it for this I play'd the Fool, to be
A Mark for the inraged *mobile*.
To pocket up fat Dabbs, and greasie Blows,
And spoil a serviceable Face and Nose;
Basely do Pennance in the open Air,
And thrust my gracious Snout through shriving Chair?
For this was your poor Demy-Martyr ty'd,
To sup such Cawdles as the *Whigs* provide,
Whilst saucy Prentices salute his Chapps
With Stones, and Carrots-heads, and Turneptops;
Must my Cats-foot the firy Chesnut draw
Out of the Coals, to save your Worships Paws?
After all this, poor *Nat.* must be forsaken,
So you, Curmudgeons can but save your Bacon.
So an old envious Hag, when ought has crost her,
Learns to repeat the Devil's *Pater-noster*.
And then, if Whiggish Neighbours she'd distress,
To great *Old-Nick* presents her humble Address.
For dear Revenge dire bloody Bonds she gives,
To serve with Life and Fortune, whilst she lives.
Hell's Majesty his black Tribunal leaves,
And with his wonted goodness her receives:
Teaches her in light Egg-shells safe to Sail,
And let's her sweetly kiss his Royal —— Tail.
But when the unbelieving Witch is shent
At the Assizes (or the Parliament),
The Boe-peep Fiend (a Rogue) plays leaft in sight,
And coldly bids the Lady fair, Good-night.

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